

Miss S. C. Dustin

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

John Taylor Gilman.

Original.

The great ancestor of the *Gilmans* of New Hampshire was Edward Gilman, who emigrated from England to Ipswich prior to 1638; and from thence to Exeter about the middle of the seventeenth century. One of his three sons, John, many years a counsellor of the province, died 24th July 1708, aged 84. Nicholas, his son, was father of Daniel Gilman, whose son Nicholas, treasurer of the state during the Revolution, a counsellor and a sterling patriot, died 7 April 1783. He married Ann, daughter of Rev. John Taylor of Milton Mass. and had three sons, of whom the eldest is the subject of this Memoir.

JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN was born at Exeter, 19th Dec. 1753, being by one branch, the eighth in direct descent from one of the "nine children of John Rogers, the martyr." He was educated at the public schools, which flourished at that period, and was designed for the mercantile profession. His father being one of the leading patriots of the state, and coming himself to maturity about the period when our Revolutionary troubles began to assume a serious aspect, Mr. Gilman very naturally espoused the side of the people in that arduous contest. The inhabitants had, prior to the actual breaking out of hostilities, experienced, in person or estate, none of the evils of a civil war; but they had witnessed the sufferings of their brethren in Boston with the most anxious solicitude, and the deepest sympathy. They considered the cause, a common cause; and the sacrifices which they were obliged to undergo were accounted as a species of martyrdom for the benefit of the whole country.

Associations were formed, and agreements were entered into, to sustain the inhabitants of Boston in the severity of their trial, and one common spirit seemed to pervade the whole community. When, therefore, the news arrived, borne as it were on the wings of the wind, that hostilities had really commenced, that blood had actually been shed, that the plains of Lexington had witnessed the first contest between the haughty soldiery and the exasperated inhabitants, the whole country rose in arms. Runners were despatched on every road, and messengers sent to every town, village and hamlet in the state, to beat the tocsin of alarm, and rouse the inhabitants to open resistance. The occupations of peace were at once deserted, and old men and young poured forth to meet the common enemy.

In Exeter, on the receipt of the interesting intelligence, a band of a hundred volunteers was immediately formed, who proceeded by a forced march to Lexington, and thence to Cambridge. Mr. Gilman was one. He remained in the camp as long as his services were required and then returned to his trade, and to engage again in mercantile employ-

ments. In the pursuit of this business, however, he did not long remain. The province treasurer, George Jaffrey Esq. was in 1775, dismissed from office, and Mr Gilman's father appointed in his place. Mr. G. was soon employed as his father's assistant in performing the duties of this responsible trust. At that period, certainly, it was no sinecure. The troubles of the times, the depreciation of the country, the ruinous situation of the finances, and the poverty of the state, rendered it an office, peculiarly troublesome and vexatious. Mr. Gilman, for several years, performed a great part of its arduous duties.

This situation necessarily brought him much in contact with the members of the legislature. His aptitude for business, the firmness, and the dignity of his deportment, recommended him particularly to their notice and esteem. When the convention met at Hartford, Connecticut, in October 1780, to consider of the causes and remedies of the general distress, and to provide means for the defence of the country, John Taylor Gilman was elected the delegate from the state of New Hampshire. That his services on that occasion met with the approbation of the body whom he represented, appears evident from his subsequent appointments.

In 1781, the Articles of Confederation between the states went into operation, and Mr. Gilman was that year, on the 30th of March, elected a delegate to the continental Congress. It is not certain, however, that he attended the next session of that body. Another convention of the northern states was called this year, to meet at Providence to provide for the general welfare, to fix the price of provisions, and to obviate as far as possible, the ruinous effects of the depreciation of the currency. After Generals Folsom and Cilley had been successfully elected and had declined, Mr Gilman was chosen the delegate on the part of this state. The result of the deliberations of this body, was afterwards approved of, by a formal vote of the legislature.

In 1782, on the 15th January, he was again elected to Congress, and took his seat in that body at the following session. The members then received compensation for their services, from the respective states which they represented, and at such rate per diem as might be allowed by the various legislatures. The pay of the delegates from New Hampshire was at that time fixed at thirty six shillings in specie, per day. Mr Gilman's term expired by limitation, in November, but he was reelected for another year, on the 14th September preceding.

On the 12th of June 1783, he was chosen treasurer of the state, as successor of his father, who had died two months prior to that period, and on the 19th, was recommended, by a vote of the legislature, to Congress to succeed him also in the appointment of loan officer for the state, which he afterwards receiv-

ed. Afterwards, when the confederated government appointed three commissioners to settle the accounts of the different states, he was joined in that commission with Messrs. William Irvine of Pennsylvania and John Kean of South Carolina. This last station he resigned in 1791. As treasurer of the state, he continued till 1794. For the duties of this office, he was admirably fitted by his assiduity, integrity and business habits, and by the great experience which he had acquired while in his father's employ. His services in this station were not of such a character as to render him conspicuous as a public man, but were eminently useful, in the disordered state of affairs, which had been caused by an eight years' war. He served, also, one year, in 1791, as a member of the state senate.

In 1788, Mr Treasurer Gilman was chosen by the town of Exeter, a delegate to the convention which met to consider of the proposed constitution of the United States. Of that body, he was a prominent member and strenuous in favor of the adoption of that instrument. At the commencement of the meeting, he was chosen one of a committee to draft rules for its observance. In 1792, he was an elector of President and Vice President, and again in 1796, and gave his vote for the successful candidates on both these occasions.

In 1794, on the resignation of Josiah Bartlett, all eyes were turned upon him, as his successor in the chief magistracy of the state. He was annually elected Governor till the year 1800 without any organized opposition. In 1795, there were only 100 votes cast in the state, for other individuals. The singular unanimity manifested may be ascribed in part to his great personal popularity, and to the vast majority of federalists in New Hampshire.—Gov. Gilman was a firm supporter of the administration of Washington and of his successor, J. Adams. But some of the measures of Mr A. particularly the alien and sedition laws, so called, proved in many instances when rigorously enforced, so oppressive as to excite very considerable uneasiness and opposition in New Hampshire. That portion of the people, with whom this state of things found little favor, as early as 1800, brought their candidate for Governor, the late Judge Walker of Concord, into the field, and gave him their united support. In 1802, they adopted Gov. Langdon as their candidate, and with gradually increasing numbers, in 1804, fell short not quite two hundred votes of securing his election.

Had it not been for the personal popularity of the incumbent, the republicans would doubtless this year have succeeded in ejecting him from the chair, as they had a majority in both branches of the legislature. That body, at their annual session, passed a series of resolutions, approving of the general course of Mr Jefferson's administration, and particularly the purchase of Louisiana, a subject, which then greatly agitated the country. The Governor, with his usual firmness, exercising his consti-

tutional vetos, refused to give them his sanction and returned them, with his objections, to the body from which they originated.

The next year, Governor Langdon was elected by a considerable majority, and his predecessor retired to private life, after occupying the highest station in the state for eleven successive years. The republicans remained in undisputed possession of the field, till the unpopular measures of the embargo and non-intercourse acts again brought forth the strength of their opponents, who succeeded in 1809 in electing their candidate, Judge Smith, to the chief magistracy. The two following years, they were in their turn defeated, and perceiving the comparative unpopularity of the Judge, they withdrew him from the contest, and in 1812 brought forward their old candidate and long-tried servant, Gov. Gilman.—William Plumer was the opposing candidate, Governor Langdon having declined a re-election. The consequence of this change of men, on both sides was, that John Taylor Gilman received a plurality, but not a majority, of the suffrages of the people. A Republican majority was however secured in both branches of the legislature, and Mr Plumer was in consequence elected.

Gilman was, nevertheless, sent by the town of Exeter to represent them in the legislature both in 1811 and 1812, and advocated zealously all the measures of the opposition.—Their efforts, joined with the ill success which had attended the prosecution of the war, finally produced a change in public opinion, and in 1813 he was again elected Governor and was continued in that office the two following years. The republicans had, however sustained throughout an unbroken array of candidates, and the victory was each year closely contested.—When then, in 1815, Governor Gilman signified his determination to decline a re-election, and Mr Sheafe, a man less known and esteemed, was brought forward as his successor, Mr Plumer was again elected, and the republicans have ever since maintained a majority in the state.

During the second period of his chief magistracy, Governor G. consistently pursued the same policy and measures which he had formerly advocated. Opposed to the declaration of war as useless, unnecessary and inexpedient, he could not extend to the administration, his cordial support. It has been said on good authority, that he was, in 1814, in favor of calling a special session of the legislature to elect delegates to the celebrated Hartford Convention, but was prevented by the opposition of a majority of his council. Whatever may be thought of the measures he advocated, the purity of his motives cannot be questioned. He was a good man, and doubtless sought what he considered the greatest good of the greatest number. When his determination to retire from public life became known, the legislature, in a farewell address acknowledged the importance of his long and meritorious public services. He carried with him to his retirement the blessings of a grateful people.

He died at Exeter on the thirty first of August 1828, aged seventy five. Mary, his wife, died Sept. 1812, aged 61. Two of his daugh-

ters married Mr Daviess and Rev. Mr Nichols of Portland.

Collectanea. No. 8.

Original.

40. When the American independence was declared by Congress, various writers appeared on the question of regaining the colonies. Dr Tucker, the dean of Gloucester, wrote a book to prove that the way to reclaim them to their allegiance, was to treat them with neglect; to let them go, as they would soon quarrel with each other, and be glad, from necessity, to return. Mr Pitt took up the same idea, when he denounced lord North's administration in the year '82, saying in parliament, that by acknowledging the independence of the colonies, he would soon bring them back to the foot of the throne.

Dean Tucker wrote a book on the side of the minister, in which he alluded to the project of loosing horses from the chaise by a spring, when they proved ungovernable. Soames Jennings verified the idea, in the composition of a satire against the United States, published in the Annual Register for 1776;—

"Crowned be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin
To loose mad horses from the chaise,
And save the neck within.

See how they prance, and bound and skip,
And all control disdain;
They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the silken rein.

A while we try if art and strength
Are able to prevail,
But hopeless when we find at length,
That all our efforts fail.

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out jumps the magic plug,
Then, disengaged from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together;
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run, they know not whither.

Boys who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying the sad disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! till they're hoarse,
Yet mean to drive them faster.

Each claiming now his natural right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes,
By suffering grown extremely tame,
And by experience wise:

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay,
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

Let all who view the instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest DEAN,
For Tucker thou'rt the man."

41. Every person, of ordinary experience, has doubtless often met, in his intercourse with mankind, with many individuals, who seem to use their best endeavors, not for their own good but evil; who, for momentary gratification, for the sake of small advantages, over-

look the greater benefit; who, by placing a penny over each eye fail to observe a guinea held up in the distance. Two journeymen masons, boasting of their strength, one of them offered to bet that he could carry the other in his hod up a ladder to the top of a five story building. The other covered the bet—crook-ed himself into the hod—was shouldered, and carried to the top with much difficulty.—'You've won, I'll allow,' said the loser, as they descended the ladder, 'but I did expect to get it, when you staggered so at the fourth story.'

42. *Rabelais* tells us a story of one Philipot Placut, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt: which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident.

43. Old Frederic, of Prussia, used to say, "The bible is a staff which God put into the hands of blind men to guide their steps. But they, instead of applying it to that use, immediately began to dispute and wrangle about its length, breadth, and thickness; and concluded by knocking each other over the pate with it."

44. Of all the ingenious parodies, I ever met with, the following appears to me the best, both in matter and manner. The reader of Shakspeare will recognise the skeleton of Romeo's description of an apothecary, beginning as follows;

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone;
And in his needy shop, a tortoise hung, &c.

I do remember an old Bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted,
In suit of sables; with a care worn brow;
Conning his books—and meagre were his looks.
Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
And in his silent parlor hung a coat,
The which the moths had us'd not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up the furniture; and on his shelves,
A grease-clad candle-stick; a broken mug,
Two tumblers and a box of dry segars;
Remnants of volumes once in some repute,
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye
Of prying stranger—this man had no wife.
His latter'd elbow gasp'd most piteously;
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives;
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
In such more dismal colors that the shrew,
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each a heaven compared with such a life.

The following lines were doubtless intended as an offset to the above, but the writer did not succeed in so happy an execution of his design;

I do remember a precise old maid,
And hereabouts she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and withered lips,
Demure and formal, dusting cloth in hand,
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones;
And in her shining parlor flower-pots stood,
Decked with geranium and jessamine,
And orange trees, and roses, pinks, and lilies,
Bachelor's buttons, 'crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion flower, type of love.
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking glass,
Were burnished bright and oft, and round the room
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,
An old work-basket, *sal volatile*.
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,

With lamb or lap dog hanging on the arm,
 Novels from Circulating Library,
 'Law's Serious Call to Unconverted' Folks,
 Love elegies, a bible, and a cat,
 Were duly set for ornament or use,
 As spleen prevailed or visitors came in.
 Listening, as through the house her shrill voice
 screamed,
 Scolding her servants, to myself I said,
 And if a man did wish to gain a wife,
 With show of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
 Whose lips have practised long before the glass
 The faint refusal—and the eager yes
 Following as quick as echo to the sound.
 And this same thought does not forerun my need,
 I'll instant seek—some younger maid to wed!
 As I remember this should be the house;
 Being twilight hour she's out upon the trot,
 To barter scandal for a cup of tea.

Original Scientific Essays.

Medical Science. No. 1.

THE science and practice of medicine have always been considered by the great mass of the people as shrouded in mystery; "as involved in intricate and almost incomprehensible difficulties." This popular idea of mystery is the cloak under which the empiric and the ignorant palm off their destructive impostures: enveloped in its shadowy folds they feel secure against any detection which can injure them in the opinion of their deluded victims. But the idea of mystery is erroneous; the scientific practice of medicine is based upon principles of common sense, and of course capable of being brought within the comprehension of all who possess that endowment. The first principles are few, and simple in their grand and uncombined outlines; but the detail, the minutiae of their varied combinations are complicated and demand a long course of severe study, and habits of discriminating and philosophic research to acquire a just and precise knowledge of them. This profound knowledge, however necessary it may be to the practice of medicine, is not necessary to expose the impostures of quackery. So shallow, so repugnant to nature are most of these impostures, that the light of the simplest first principles is sufficient to exhibit them as such. A knowledge of these principles will enable us to distinguish between, and properly to appreciate the ignorant, extravagant pretender and the man of science. The latter, considering this as the motive, will, it is hoped, look with charity upon this attempt to bring some of these principles before the public.

The human body is composed of a great number of parts very dissimilar in all their sensible properties, united into a symmetrical and beautiful whole. All these parts, even the smallest, and seemingly insignificant, have each an important office to fulfil, a duty to perform, indispensable to the health and welfare of the whole. These various parts are called in technical language *organs*; and the part which each plays in the general movement of life is called its *function*. Thus the eye is an organ whose function is sight; a bone is an organ whose function is to preserve the part in which it is situated, in its proper shape and position, and by being acted upon by muscles—organs of motion—to move a particular part, or the whole body.

No part then is without its important use, no organ is without its function. Some indeed have several, for nature, though prodigal of the power which she bestows, is parsimonious of the means of employing it; her offices are no sinecures. There are some functions so extensive in their influence, so continually necessary to life, that they have not been entrusted to a single organ, but to a series of organs, more or less strictly connected into a system, and called an apparatus. We find an instance of this in the function of digestion—a short enumeration of some of the organs concerned in it may serve to illustrate still farther the meaning of the terms *organ* and *function*.—Situated at the entrance of the alimentary canal we find the *teeth*. They being acted upon by organs of motion—*muscles* and *bones*—seize upon the food, grind it and mix with it a fluid, prepared and poured into the mouth by the *salivary glands*; thus prepared, it passes down the *gullet* into the *stomach*, where it is subjected to a protracted and important elaboration.—Passing then into the *intestines*, it is soon mingled with the bile furnished by the *liver*, and with another fluid prepared by the *pancreas* or *sweet-bread*. Under these influences, it undergoes in its progress still further alterations, by which its properties are wholly changed. Its nutritious portion, having assumed the form of a milky fluid, is pumped up as it passes along by myriads of little *absorbents* opening upon the internal surface of the *intestines*, is carried by them through long and tortuous courses during which it is supposed to suffer still further modifications, until it is collected into a single tube, the *thoracic duct*. Poured thence into a large vein, it is mingled with the blood and transported with it to every part of the body, to nourish it and supply its waste. All the organs enumerated in this rapid illustration are necessary to the regular performance of the function of digestion.

As there is no organ without its function, so there can be no function without its organ or apparatus for performing it. There can be no effect without a cause. The phenomena of life, the functions, are effects;—we cannot conceive of any one of them being carried on without an instrument. We cannot conceive of sight without an organ of vision, or of hearing, tasting, feeling, without appropriate organs. All the functions taken together form *life*, and they are performed by organs which, combined as we find them in a living body, form the *animal system*. There is nothing in an animal system but organs: there is nothing in temporal life but functions. So long as the organs are capable of performing their specifications, of executing the functions assigned to them—so long there is *life*. When their action ceases either from external restraint or internal weakness, then there is *death*.

Health consists in the proper and regular performance of each and all the functions, and of course depends upon the regular and co-ordinate action of all the organs. When any organ becomes deranged in its action whether from some embarrassment from exterior objects, or from a change in its own intimate structure, the function over which it presides becomes troubled,—there is *disease*, and the

disease is more or less extensively felt; the action of other more or less distant organs is affected, according to the importance of the function first deranged, and according to the degree of this derangement.

"Thy Will be Done."

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Original.

When with unclouded ray
 Shines the bright Sun,
 When summer-streamlets play
 And all around is gay,
 Then shall the spirit say
 "Thy will be done!"

Oh! When the flowers of love
 Fade one by one,
 When in its blasted grove
 The shuddering heart doth rove,
 Then say—and look above,
 "Thy will be done!"

The following trifle, on the delay of Spring, is the first piece from the pen of our own poet, CARTER, that ever appeared in print. It is on this account, chiefly, and not for its intrinsic merits, that we here republish it. The comparison between these simple lines, the first product of his young muse, and the maturer productions of his riper years, must be interesting to all who love to watch the progress of genius, gathering confidence from each successive attempt, till it finally attains the acme of excellence.

This little piece was published in the New Hampshire Patriot of the 25th April 1809, being the second number of that paper, now one of the oldest in the state. Other effusions from the same hand followed, some of which, we may hereafter lay before our readers.—Mr Hill, the editor, under whose auspices they appeared, deserves credit for the part which he has often taken in bringing forward and encouraging true, native talent.

On the delay of Spring.

Tyrant Winter! quit our land,
 Free us from thy stern command;
 Hasten to the frozen North,
 To the realm that gave thee birth.

Placid Spring, commence thy reign,
 Break from Earth her icy chain;
 From bondage, captive nature free,
 Restore her vernal liberty.

Blast'ring Boreas, cease to blow,
 Wafting on thy wings the snow;
 To hyperborean regions fly,
 There deform thy native sky.

With sweet Flora by thy side,
 O'er our fields, fair Zephyrus, glide;
 Thy breath can melt the ling'ring snow,
 Thy bride can bid the flow'rets grow.

Hanover, April 1, 1809.

H.

Alice Grey.

Is it not a pleasant thing to meet a sailor on his first landing, with his glad step, and his beaming face; carrying all his worldly goods slung in a bundle over his shoulder, and bearing cautiously in his hand the foreign basket that contains perhaps some token of remembrance for an expecting heart? He greets every landsman that he meets with a friendly word, stranger though he be. He is so happy, that he feels kindly to every one—for happiness is a very good-natured feeling—and of all grown men in the world, perhaps the newly-landed sailor gives one the best idea of exemption from care; as he leaps on shore how little burden he carries! There is a pleasure in his heart and his eyes—aye! and in the very waving of his blue handkerchief. And then the meeting—"Please God a week more of this wind, and he'll be at home," his mother has said week after week; but the wind has shifted often. "I trust they were not beating up channel last night," his father has thought on many a stormy morning;—and his sisters have watched the weathercock and the clouds, and expressed, in various terms and tones, their anxiety about him. Very likely there may be somebody else who never mentions the weather or the sailor, and yet who spends more sleepless nights than even his mother, and longs for his return more anxiously, ah! ten times more anxiously, than his sisters do.—She has sown her sweet peas and her lupins amongst the knots of boy's love and marjoram at the door, with a vague idea, which she never whispered to any one, not even to herself, that perhaps his ship may be safe in port when they blossom. She has trimmed her jessamine; and the French beans which she planted are grown half way up the bended willow wands that form her arbor in the corner of the garden hedge.

"Not," as she thinks to herself, "that very likely he will ever come into it again; but he did admire it once." At last he has really landed! His mother has held him in her arms, and his father has blessed him—and his sisters, how vociferous and how joyful they are; and that faithful one has met him too, how gladly, we cannot tell—because she never told.

And then, on Sunday, how pleasant a sight it is to see the sailor in the same seat which he occupied when he was a fair curly-headed child, and to feel that He who sitteth above the water floods has once more in mercy heard his church's prayer for "all who travel by land and by water." O it is a pleasant thing, and a profitable thing, to kneel where our fathers knelt, and to thank God in the words they taught us!

It is a troublesome world, but God has given us some moments of deep delight and of undescribed rapture. So poor Alice Grey thought as she received her husband on his arrival from the first voyage which he went after their marriage. She thought he was looking very well, and he was kinder, and better to her than ever.

There was but one thing to make her heart ache, and that was the thought of so soon again

parting. The second voyage was a perilous one; and whilst on shore in Jamaica, Tom Grey had the yellow fever, and when yet scarcely recovered, he wrote his wife a very affectionate but very melancholy letter; a letter with which Alice never parted, but which she has since told me, seemed like a token of all that was to follow. But the sailor forgot his forebodings, and came home in good health. "Tom!" said his wife, "God has sent you back to me in his mercy when I did not expect you, now let us make any sacrifice rather than part again." She pleaded earnestly, but she was too late. The captain had already engaged the steady and active young sailor on whom he had much dependence, and Tom's wife knew that he never broke his word. "God prosper me this one voyage," he answered, "and then I never will leave you or your children again." His time was very short, but during it he made every arrangement that he thought could conduce to his wife's comfort. The Japan cabinet, not exactly of a piece with the rest of the English cottage furniture, which he had brought her, he put up with his own hands on the last day he was at home;—and though Alice has wanted bread since, she would never part with that. He trimmed the willows at the hatch, and dug up her flower-beds, and white-washed her walls; but the memorial at which she looked oftenest, and afterwards with the saddest recollections, was a line that he cut at the side of the fire-place, to mark the height of his sweet little girl.

"God bless her, and send me safe back to her!" said the sailor, and the tears sprang into his eyes; "please God to give me a safe voyage home, and I never will leave you, Aly, nor your little maid more."

Alice made no answer, but busied herself in arranging her little girl's beautiful curls, and as she did so the tears streamed silently down her cheek and fell on the baby's head; and it was in vain that the fingers stole up so quietly and dashed them off; they gathered again and again, and her husband vainly endeavored to comfort her. Is there such a thing as presentiment in our marvelously constituted frame? I cannot tell, but it was with more than usual anxiety and distress that Alice saw the preparations for that voyage. His ship lay at many miles distance, but as if she knew it was to be their last journey together, she travelled with him, went on board with him, and they parted. "Neither of us," said she, "spoke one word." So the ship sailed, and she returned home with a heavy, but a submissive heart, and after a little while her wonted cheerfulness returned, her affairs seemed to prosper. The little business that she carried on succeeded. Her fair child grew presently above the mark that its father had made; and monthly, when Alice received the half of her husband's wages, it was with commendations of his determined and skilful conduct. "They may well praise him," thought she; "but if it please God to send him safe home this once, I'll be content to hear no more of his boldness and skill. O it's little comfort for a husband to be praised for boldness that may leave his wife a widow and his children orphans!" His children? Yes! for Alice was again a mother.

She was pleased that her infant was a son, she should so delight to call him by his father's name. There is a degree of superstition natural to us, and it is easier to account superstition folly, than to be entirely free from its influence. Yet I think the wakeful nights that poor Alice spent during her illness, and the exceeding lowness of spirits with which she was afflicted, was natural enough to one whose best friend was so far away, without being sure, as the old nurse injudiciously told her, that it was a token there was bad news a-coming. It was natural that a young and delicate woman, and a sailor's wife, should shudder at the sighing of the midnight storm, even if those about her had not excited her already fevered imagination with the idea that it was the voice of one wailing and lamenting.

And it was nothing very unaccountable, if, on the first Sunday in which she was well enough to appear at church, she became, as she knelt at the altar to return thanks, so weak as almost to faint. Yet the good women who gathered about her in the vestry, nodded one at another, and whispered loud enough for her to profit by the suggestion, their conviction, that all her agitation, her faintness, so naturally to be accounted for, was a warning—a sign—something—about poor Tom.

"Alice," said her mother-in-law the next morning, "I hear the ship is at Gravesend."

"The ship at Gravesend," said Alice, "and no letter! But," she added, "I meant to take the baby to show him at the office, and then I shall hear for myself."

Weak as her spirits had been before, at that moment, she says, she had not the slightest misgiving. A letter might come to her that day, or the next, or, better than all, her husband himself was on the road—her kind husband, who had promised never to leave her again. She had just received the half of his wages, and the thought that they might never be due to him again, was not likely once to occur to her. The next morning she dressed herself and her beautiful infant in their very best. It was a bright summer day; so she selected from her neat but scanty wardrobe, the light cotton gown which her husband had chosen, and which had been her best when she married. She crossed her gay orange silk handkerchief over her white one, and tied on her new apron. You might have looked far, before you had seen a gayer or a prettier party than Alice Grey and her children.

"I wish I could take Lizzy all the way," tho't she, as having dressed her little dark-eyed girl she left her under a neighbor's care to wait her return; "yet I need not wish it, for Tom can't be there, yet, it is no use to think he will; and if he were, I must show him his boy first."

So she set out for the office, a walk of about three miles from her house, telling every one who enquired of her, that Tom, she supposed, was still at Gravesend, and that she did not expect him down for two or three days; and yet, poor thing, having dressed herself exactly in the clothes which she knew he liked best, and admiring her baby all the way, with the feeling of how his father would admire him, it was not until Alice reached the door of the office that

her spirits failed her, and her heart sunk for a moment; but recovering herself, she went in. The kind old lady who was used to receive her on such occasions took her infant from her, made her sit down, and gave her a glass of wine. She'll need something to strengthen her, thought she, as she looked at her compassionately. Alice could not ask for a letter.

"What a very sickly time we have had," said the old lady after a pause.

"Have we ma'am?" asked Alice. The air is fresh and pure on our hills, and Alice did not recollect any one who had been ill.

"Why," said another female in the room, "have you not heard that the captain has been ill, and has lost two of the men?"

I felt the word, said poor Alice, from the crown of my head to the soul of my foot.

"It is my husband!" said she, and without making one effort to support herself, she fell down in a fainting fit. It was with a kind intention, I dare say, that when they had brought her to herself again, the woman deceived her into a belief that her husband was only very ill, not dead. But it is not right, and therefore never wise, to deceive. It is not a protestant doctrine to do evil that good may come; and in this case—as I believe in all others—the evil being done, the good never comes.

"We expect a letter to-morrow or next day and then we shall hear how he is: but let some one else come," they said, soothingly, "you are too weak."

She was weak indeed; and as she sat listlessly gazing at her baby—her fatherless baby—so the sad whisper in her sinking heart told, you would have thought it impossible that she could have reached home that evening. But there is little knowing what the weak human frame can bear, till the hour of need comes, in which God's strength is made perfect weakness. The next morning her mother offered to go to the office, and make inquiry instead of her. "What! and I wait here? O, I could not—I could not!" said Alice, passionately; and the next day, she went to hear the vague and deceitful comfort, with which her injudicious friends supplied her. Ah, poor Alice! she had vainly decked her infant's worked cap with the shining rosette of white satin, saying to herself, "This will be for his christening when his father comes." It would have made your heart ache, to see the look of deep un murmuring despair with which, on the Saturday after she heard the dreadful news, she sat quietly unpicking the ribbon, and supplying its place with one of black love. The next day the mourning party appeared at church in the afternoon, and after service, Alice, her mother-in-law, and her brothers, carried the infant to the font—the fair child whose father might never glory in him. They called him by his father's name, but he may never hear the voice of a father's blessing. Well! the blessing of a mightier Father rest on the sailor's orphan child!

Affairs have not prospered with poor Alice—how should they?—since she became a widow. She has missed her husband's pleasant company, his ready assistance, and kind words; but she has missed his wages also; and as her blooming children have grown up, she has de-

nied herself many a meal, that they might not be stinted, and has sat up at work late, on many a night, "rather," as she says, "than Tom's children should not look something as they would have looked if he were there to see them." There are very few who know how hard she has struggled. "Some have pitied my trouble, and some that I thought I might have looked to, never took much notice."—I thought there was something expressive in the phrase. There are too many in this selfish world, of whom the least reproachful thing that can be said, is, that they do not "take much notice" of the grief that is consuming the very life of a fellow-creature.

There was one person, however, who did take notice of poor Alice Grey's trouble.—There was a young man whose business had called him on board of Tom's ship, within a day or two after it came into port. It happened that whilst looking round, a chest caught his eye, on which were rudely cut, the words, "Thomas and Alice Grey." Leonard looked again, for Tom Grey had been a favorite school-mate of his. "Ah!" said an old man who stood by, "poor Tom's cutting! he was a favorite with every body!" And he went on to tell how one fair day, when the ship was at her moorings abroad, Tom and a shipmate of his got leave to go on shore.

"They went with light hearts," said Leonard, when he repeated the story to Alice; "but he that told me, said they were never the same men after they came back. It was burning weather, and it may be they overheated themselves, or perhaps they made too free with the plentiful fruit that grew there; we can't tell—they came back to the ship, but they never looked up more." It was a sad tale for poor Alice to hear, but he who repeated it to her, pitied her from the bottom of his heart, as he spoke of the hopeless yearning with which the dying men pined for their native hills, and for the kind voices of home, as they loitered about the deck, shivering in the torrid sunshine. Alice wept as she heard how it had been her husband's last amusement to cut his own name, and hers, and the little girl's, in different parts of the ship. "But," concluded Leonard, "that was soon over; they grew worse and worse, and one died one hour and the other the next, and their shipmates sewed them up in their hammocks, and buried them in the waters, just when the ship had sailed three days." "Ah!" cried Alice, "that's the worst of it. Would God I had spoken with him but for five minutes. Would God I had followed him to his grave, where his father is buried in our churchyard!" It is a natural feeling, yet let poor Alice take comfort. That is a peaceable grave where God's blessing rests, and he sleeps as well in the tossing ocean, as if he were lying where the sun shines under the old chesnut tree.

Alice Grey was left a widow at little more than three-and-twenty. She was very pretty and very agreeable then, and I have thought sometimes, that, perhaps, there was something more than pity in the interest young Leonard took in her concerns. "But Tom's children are more to me," said Alice, "than any one else can possibly be. I love his children as I

do my own life." She spoke positively, and I believed her; I hoped she never would, and now I am quite sure, Alice Grey will never marry again!

"Now-a-Days."

Alas how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore home-spun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

But now-a-days the ladies wear
French gloves and Leghorn hats,
That take up half-a-yard of sky,
In coal-hod shape or flats,
With gowns that do not fall as low,
As such things ought to fall,
With waists that you might break in two,
They are so very small.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock and field,
And up and down the hill.
And when our folks were out to work,
As true as I'm a sinner,
I jump'd upon a horse, bare-back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies now-a-days
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise or sleigh;
And as for giving "Pa" his meals,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,
Oh! saints, 'twould spoil their lily hands,
Though 'sometimes they make cake."

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each bean would take his sweet-heart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter.
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beans together,
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He ne'er can ask a girl to ride,
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why sureiy "they're engaged."

I never thought that I should try
My hand at making rhymes,
But 'tis the way to reprobate
The present evil times;
For should I preach morality,
In common sober prose,
They'd say 'twas "older than the hills,"
Or else turn up their nose.

DIGNITY IN WALKING.—A poor Irish laborer, seeing one of the fashionable dandies in New York, strutting through one of the streets of our city, went modestly up to him and said, "I beg your honor's pardin, sur, but would ye be afther tellin' me the rint of this house; I want to know, for a raison I have?" "Get away, fellow," said the dandy, "how should I know the rent, I know nothing about the house?" "I beg your honor's pardin, sur," said the Irishman, "but from the manner in which you walked, myself thought the sthreet belonged to ye; aye fait an' the next sthreet too for the matter o' that, by my sowl and conscience I did, sur."

Early Religious Views.

Original.

The influence of early religious opinions is so very extensive, and their effects so deep and permanent upon the character and literature of a people, that it would require the persevering research, the close, accurate investigation of one well versed in the philosophy of the human mind *completely* to analyze the sources from whence the former springs, and no small fund of critical learning, of general, historical knowledge might be exhausted in illustrating the latter. We shall only attempt a few irregular, obvious remarks.

It is an observation of Dr Reid, endorsed by Mr Stewart, that a belief in religion is an *ultimate* principle of our nature, and if so, we must suppose, that in and of itself, its operation must be not inconsiderably felt through the whole course of life. But when connected and combined with the faculty of association, to which alone some have referred all our mental phenomena, we can hardly conceive the numerous and almost infinite forms, under which it comes to affect the character, and bias the literary production, of an age, or nation.

Keeping sight of these two primary laws of our constitution without regarding others, we may safely infer, that *whatever* early notions may be indulged of the Deity, his attributes and perfections, and of course of the obligations of men, traits, in some degree corresponding, will be discernible in the moral and social conduct, in the philosophy, poetry and history of a people. If the Creator is represented and believed, by the *great majority of the population*, to be revengeful, lustful, resorting to intrigue and management to attain his ends, by *them*, anger, hatred and other malevolent passions will be cherished, chastity will hardly be considered valuable, and fraud, falsehood, and violence *will commonly abound*. On the contrary, if the object of all veneration is considered the *fountain of virtues, justice, wisdom and intelligence*, immutable in his designs, and perfect in all his qualities of truth, goodness, and the like, the feelings will be proportionally elevated, sound morality will take the place of licentiousness, and a proper respect be paid to the rights, privileges, and property of others. The case is *similar* with individuals.

Perhaps *no better proof* can be offered of these assertions than is furnished by the difference between the illiterate multitude of Greece, and her philosophers, as shown in the respective productions of each; for though the ignorant wrote nothing, works *were adapted to their taste*, from which we can judge of their character and sentiments. How unlike the *conduct* of Socrates to the *actions* which Homer has attributed to his most distinguished heroes! Yet the former was the fruit of more noble, though far from correct, ideas of Divine self-existence, while the latter were painted to please the multitude, in accordance with their habitual inclinations.

There can be *no doubt* that much of the obstinacy, self-conceit, and continual wickedness of the Jews, is to be attributed to the imperfect and erroneous conceptions, they formed in

childhood and youth, of the nature of the divine government; notwithstanding inspiration gave to the superior and educated classes the most adequate sense of Infinite excellence. The mass of the people remained enslaved to their ancient prejudices, chained down by the most degrading, idolatrous superstition, and hence their frequent revolt from the authority of Jehovah, their almost unconquerable attachment to the absurd institutions and ceremonies of Paganism, and their subsequent punishment and destruction.

But the influence of early religious views is *most strikingly* exhibited in the wonderful disparity between the literary and national character of Christians, and that of even the *most enlightened* of those, to whom the light of the Gospel was never manifested. To what else are owing the more enlarged and liberal policy of modern diplomacy, the multiplication of benevolent, charitable, and scientific associations, the increase of public and private virtue, the diminution of vice and all its attendant evils, *in short*, all the prominent characteristics, which distinguish the decencies and refinements of modern times from the gross indelicacies and improprieties of former periods? To what cause, other than the prevalence of more correct religious views—the juster appreciation of the dignity of our moral nature, shall be referred the superior purity of Milton, the more delicate and enrapturing tone of Tasso, the depth and incomparable sublimity of Shakspeare? How much of the greater *freedom of thought and action*, apparent during the last century, has proceeded from early religious views of human duty, from a clearer understanding of the natural equality of our race in the sight of Heaven, and the scriptural indications of the grand purpose of our being?

Poetic pieces of sterling merit, like wines of the best character, only improve by age. The following letter from Robert Burns, to a young friend, will be read with pleasure and profit a hundred years hence:

Epistle to a Young Friend.

May, —, 1786.

I lang have thought, my youthful friend
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world now soon, my lad,
And Andrew, dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye;
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll na say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted;
But och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted,
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,

Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
Aman may take a neebor's part,
Yet have no cash to spare him.

Aye, free off han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yourself as well's ye can,
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' well-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it—
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to bide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keeps its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Cr ator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded:
But when on life we're tempest driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fixed wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor?

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude and truth,
Erect your brow undaunted!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser.

Origin of Day and Martin's Blacking. Mr Day was a hair dresser in a humble way, and was then, as he now is, beneficent and charitable in the extreme. One day a soldier entered his shop, and stated that he had just landed from an expedition, and had a long march before him, to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue, and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, when the grateful soldier exclaimed, "God bless you, sir—how can I ever repay this? I have nothing in this world, except"—pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket—"a recipe for blacking: it is the best ever was seen; many a half-guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay this you have given to the poor soldier—your kindness I never can either repay or forget." Mr

Day, who was a shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the story, tried the blacking, and finding it good, commenced the manufacture and sale of it, and realized the fortune he now possesses; but we believe no one can say that he ever deceived or wronged a human being; and his charities, particularly the almshouses near Edgeware, will make him for ages to come, what he certainly always has been, a shining character, and a lesson to this and future generations of what industry can do in this wealthy and happy country, from the smallest beginning.—*Oracle of Health.*

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday March 20, 1835.

☞ This number completing the first half volume of our paper, agreeably to a former announcement the next will commence a new series, to be published semi-monthly, at one dollar per annum. As some improvements are contemplated in the appearance of our sheet, possibly it may be a fortnight before our next publication.

BURNS.—We this week present an extract from this author, which for good sense, sound philosophy and practical usefulness is worth more than all the mawkish, sentimental, nonsensical *rhymes*, that have emanated from boarding-school misses and love-cracked swains during the last half century—or, for that matter, since the flood. Whatever may have been his faults, this great poet of nature knew how, and *did* give good advice;—and we are inclined to ascribe his errors to the callous indifference to his worth, which he seemed every where to meet --- with to the world's base, cold-hearted neglect. Only think of a man, from whom such inspiration proceeded, as he sent forth, subsisting on a miserable pittance of oat-meal hardly sufficient to keep soul and body together, while the hirelings of power, the minions of wealth and the pampered offspring of sloth and indulgence were fattening on the bounties of nature and Providence, and it will go far towards explaining, if it does not palliate the inconsistencies, or even vices, of his life.

Italian Authors.

DANTE, a distinguished Italian poet born at Florence in 1265 of noble and powerful family, became in early youth strongly attached to a lady named Beatrice, was persecuted and exiled by his own countrymen, and at length, compelled to seek an asylum in a foreign state, he died in a house of a friend at Ravenna on the 14th of September 1321. Never was the power of human intellect more forcibly demonstrated than in his celebrated poem, entitled

the *Divina Commedia*. "Without a prototype in any existing language, equally novel in its various parts and in the combination of the whole, it stands alone as the first monument of modern genius, the first great work which appeared in the reviving literature of Europe." A name, totally differing from every other, seems happily bestowed on so unrivalled a production. The work, intended to represent the condition of men after death, is divided into 100 cantos, each containing from 130 to 140 verses. The first forms a kind of introduction—and 33 cantos are then devoted to each of the three topics, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise.

PETRARCH, famous as the lover of Laura, son of an exiled Florentine, born at Arezzo in 1304, died near Padua in 1374. During the century, of which his life occupied the greater portion, he was the centre of Italian literature—the nucleus, around which clustered whatever of learning, talent or real greatness then illustrated the land so dear to every classic student. By his example and discoveries he imparted to his contemporaries a taste for the recovery and study of Latin manuscripts. His principal writings, are Odes, and Sonnets to his mistress, with some Latin prose, and Africa, a poem in the same language.

TASSO, the author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, a poem on the Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusades, is or should be so familiar (by a translation at least,) to every English reader, that it is unnecessary to say more than that with many he ranks next to Homer and Virgil, the third Epic poet.

BOCCACCIO is remarkable for little except the *Decameron*, or hundred tales; from which Shakspeare has borrowed the plan and incidents of many of his plays.

PHRENOLOGY.—This interesting science appears to be making rapid advances on both sides of the Atlantic. Already are numbered among its supporters and advocates, many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Europe and America, and it is confidently predicted that the day is not far distant, when its principles and doctrines will be as generally taught and believed as those of any other science. The 4th No. of the *Annals of Phrenology*, a work of which we have before spoken, contains an account of the proceedings of the Phrenological society of Paris at its annual meeting in August last, from which we learn that many of the *savans* of that metropolis are among the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim. *Andral*, the most celebrated

pathologist of the age, is President of the Parisian society; and having given the subject of Phrenology an attentive examination, he declared on this occasion, that "the basis of the science, the relation existing between the configuration of the cranium and the different moral and intellectual faculties of man, is the result of evidences which amount almost to certainty." The French government too seems disposed to favor the cause, the king having recently expressed his conviction, that the application of phrenological principles in criminal legislation would render great service to mankind."

MAJOR BENJAMIN TALLMADGE, a distinguished soldier and statesman, died at his residence in Litchfield, Conn. on the sixth inst.—He graduated at Yale College in 1773, and was a classmate of the unfortunate Nathan Hale. He was second-in-command to Colonel Jameson, before whom Andre was brought after his apprehension. By this officer, Andre was sent on under guard to Gen. Arnold, and it was only after the urgent solicitations of Tallmadge, who suspected that all was not right, that he sent to overtake him on the road and bring him back. He, however, still persisted in forwarding the letter to Arnold, which informed him of the apprehension of a man calling himself Anderson, and which gave him an opportunity to make his escape. Had the advice of Tallmadge been listened to in full, the arch traitor would have been apprehended and would have received the punishment which he merited. The particulars of this transaction are related in full in Sparks' *Life of Arnold*. Tallmadge was afterwards sixteen years a member of congress, from 1801 to 1817, and in the political divisions of the times, a decided federalist.

In looking over, lately, the theological works of the Rev. Richard Clarke, for many years, prior to the revolution, a distinguished divine in South Carolina and England, and reading his explanations of scripture prophecies, we found a calculation that the general conversion of the Jews would take place between the date of his work and the year 1835. Dr. Ramsay, in his history of South Carolina, published in 1809, remarks that the [then] present generation would live to test the correctness of this prophecy. For ourselves, we do think that there is not much probability that this great event will take place within the stipulated period. The Ides of March have come, although they have not yet passed.

The Shoemaker and his two Wives.

Every body was pitying Mr. Sampson, the shoemaker of the village of B—. Now, gentle reader, you need not guess Brunswick, nor Bethel, nor Bloomfield, nor any other village beginning with a B.; for I will assure you beforehand that you won't guess right.—Nobody knows the identical place beginning with B. except uncle Joshua, of Doweringville, and to him I beg leave to refer the ever curious reader. Well, every body was pitying the shoemaker; and as he passed daily by my window on his way to his little workshop, I involuntarily drew down my face in token of commiseration, though why I should do it I could not for my life have explained. But every body said he was an unhappy man, a miserable man—that his wife almost scolded his life out of him—that she was the greatest scold in the country, beating Xantippe, of classical memory, all hollow—that in her fits of passion she whisked the poor shoemaker about very much like a West India bamboo in a tropical hurricane. Never was such a scold: her tongue was heard the first thing in the morning and the last at night. She was so constantly scolding that it was thought she would never take time to die, and the poor shoemaker's misery seemed interminable. All the men were telling how they would manage her if they had her for a wife; and when a half dozen of them collected at a farmer's house, the shoemaker's wife was often the theme, and many were the modes of punishment devised by those who had not the shrew to deal with. It might generally be observed, on such occasions, that those who were suspected of being henpecked, now fortified by the company present, generally talked the most valiantly of how they would manage the shoemaker's wife if she belonged to them—now and then casting furtive glances at the bustling housewives present. But it was plain to be seen that the women did not relish this theme when discussed by the men. They would talk pathetically, among themselves, of the shoemaker's grievances, and eloquently of the miseries a man must suffer in being tied to such a termagant; but no sooner did an unlucky husband attempt to harp upon the same string, than—touch a hornet's nest!—all the women were out with palliatives, and warm in defence of the shoemaker's wife.

"Every woman" they would say "has her peculiar trials. Mrs. Sampson no doubt has hers, as well as others. She has no flesh on her bones, and is as yellow as saffron: 'tis plain she's a sick woman. Mr. Sampson appears pleasant enough out of doors; but, for all that, he may be a tyrant at home."

Thus was poor Mrs. Sampson defended, in spite of her tongue. But whatever they felt called upon to say in behalf of Mrs. Sampson, when in the presence of their husbands, their sympathies were actually together on the side of Mr. Sampson. Every good wife wreathed her face in the most becoming smile when she accosted Mr. Sampson, merely out of instinctive good nature: (far be it from me to insinuate that it was to contrast it with the thin lips and sour visage of his own good wife.) Seeing this state of things, I began naturally to

study the countenance of the poor man as he passed my window, in order to read the lines of care, the furrows of misery, and the cringing air of a henpecked man. But, truth to say, no such things were to be seen. He generally passed with a careless, sturdy tread, humming a tune or picking his teeth. As for wrinkles, his hale, good humoured, handsome face seemed to bid defiance to them for many years to come. His bright open eye looked as if it had never twinkled with any thing but good humor; and instead of being the most miserable, I at once set him down for the happiest man in the village of B. No one oftener bought gingerbread and candy for his children, or new gowns for his wife. When, arm and arm, they trudged along to meeting on a Sunday, no man seemed more busily to chat with his wife, and no woman looked prouder of her husband.—The secret seemed to be in his having good humouredly accommodated himself to the disposition of his wife without compromising his own independence.

In the process of time the shoemaker's wife died, leaving her husband to follow her to the grave with as many children as followed Mr. Rogers to the stake, and whether that were nine or ten, the reader must determine. Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Sampson mourned long and truly for his wife. She had been a thrifty housewife, and a neat, careful mother, and so used were the husband and children to her severe discipline, that it was doubtful whether they would know how to act without it. But sorrow, like all other things in this sublunary world, must have an end. The children were growing disorderly, and were losing that tidy appearance that had always characterized them. Nothing in the shoemaker's snug domicile went right. The good housewives in the village of B. were busy in making another match for poor Mr. Sampson; and, like prudent women, they all pitched upon one the very antipode of poor Mrs. Sampson, who was dead and gone. Susan Gowen was mild, good-natured, and smart, and all eyes were turned upon her as the future Mrs. Sampson.

She was just the right age, had a little property, and all declared he would never do better; and Mr. Sampson, like a reasonable man, believed what every body said, and married her. This time, at least, the neighbors had no reason to complain. The second Mrs. Sampson was a mirror of patience; the neighbors who happened in, about dinner time, could find no fault with the bread and butter—the last article being thick enough to satisfy the most captious; and as for pie or cake, all declared hers were no "mother-in-law pieces." The shoemaker must and would be happy.—Months passed away, and if the predictions of the neighbors were to be verified, Mr. Sampson's appearance was somewhat equivocal for a happy man. It was certain that he grew thin, did not whistle, or laugh, or hum half so often as he used to do. His step was listless, and he seemed to have lost much of that sturdy activity which had formerly distinguished him. The neighbors were completely at a stand. Mrs. Sampson was strictly scrutinized, but nothing could be detected. She was pa-

tience personified. Meanwhile, the children, accustomed to the severe discipline of their mother, no sooner found themselves subjected to the mild sway of a step mother, whose right to control them was, to say the least, doubtful, since public opinion has made it such, now burst free from all restraint, and revelled in the glorious privilege of doing whatever they had a mind to do.

Poor Mrs. Sampson talked, and coaxed, and wept; and, in one or two instances, even had the temerity to put a "poor motherless child" down cellar; all to no purpose. They were as unmanageable as a parcel of wild colts broken free from pasture, and antic with the first consciousness of freedom. Mr. Sampson could not manage them—that was out of the question; he had never thought of doing it while their mother was alive, and could he now that she was dead and gone? Amongst the trials awarded to the patriarch Job, it is well perhaps that his sex precluded the possibility of his passing the ordeal of a mother-in-law's lot.—So thought the second Mrs. Sampson. She had tried every thing, and now her patience was completely exhausted. One day, as her husband was coming to dinner, driven to desperation by the accumulated din of so many ungovernable children, she suddenly armed herself with a handful of hemlock tops, and laid them about her on every side; at the same time ordering every child to a seat about the quickest. At this moment her husband entered, and far from flinching, she resolutely told him what she had done, and what she meant to do in future, ere she would endure such an intolerable din. Mr. Sampson was at once in fine spirits. His wife had never looked half so handsome before. The children were as whist as mice in a cheese. Mrs. Sampson absolutely kept her word, and though the neighbors pitied the children, and talked mournfully of the sorrows of Mr. Sampson, from that time he began to gain flesh and spirits, and became the sturdy good natured sort of a man I had formerly known him. The recurrence of the old stimulus in the activity of a wife's tongue, had restored the buoyancy of his spirits, and health to his bones. Such being the fact, I thought it best to write his history, in the hope that persons witnessing a similar case, would suspend their sympathies, and reflect, that after all, the husband of a scolding wife may be as happy as that of a good-natured one; and the spirited tones of her voice in scolding, may be quite as agreeable to such a husband's ear, as the most dulcet notes of the other in thrilling a fashionable air.—*Portland Courier.*

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